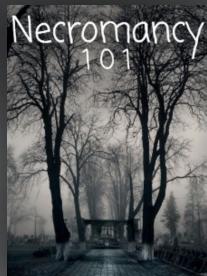




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Necromancy 101

 29 0 4

Chapter 1 by Seirots

Long walks in the woods at night always helps me relax and release stress. The fact that I'm dragging a body behind me should be irrelevant. This poor fellow accidentally killed himself on a nearby mountain pass and landed in my backyard, and just so happened to land a mile or two away from my house. I actually needed an assistant around the house so his death is pretty well timed. My name's Winter Leraco, and I work as a necromancer in a place where magic of any kind is outlawed and anybody who possesses even a hint of magic is executed by the current king. Killing off magic holders in countless different ways has recently become 'our great and holy' King Anthol's favourite pastime. The second Anthol became king, my family evacuated as many magic users as they could to the middle of Flat's Woods. A few stubborn lineages insisted on staying where they were, because they were convinced that Anthol wouldn't slaughter them like pigs. They quickly found out that they were very, very wrong about that. My line like many others lost many close friends in that horrid year. At the time I was only 6 years old, and I ended up growing up in isolation in the literal middle of nowhere, but that didn't stop my mother from teaching me the ways of our line's magic. Among other things my family worked as necromancers, apothecaries, and merchants, and as such I was taught all the skills that were entailed in those lines of work.

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